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At the Van Rysselberghes* the conversation turned to children's sayings. Although usually such "bright sayings" tend to set my nerves on edge, I note here those that seemed to me best.

Little Bonnier, when asked what he did in school:

"I wait for teacher to let us out."

Francis Y/s family tries to move him to pity Christ's sufferings on the cross and to arouse his indignation against the bad men who nailed him there. He looks at the crucifix hanging on the wall, and:

"He wouldn't have held if they hadn't nailed him."

When he was spanked, little Gerard used to say as he wept: "It's a pity!"

Among the most charming sayings are those of little Elisabeth, Theo Van Rysselberghe's daughter. One day she cuts herself and, terrified at seeing her blood flow, runs to her parents screaming:

"I'm losing all my sauce!"

When she was learning to read, they aided her memory in every way possible; they used to say: A for Alice, B for Bertha, T for Theo, etc, When next day, as she repeats her letters, they ask: "T for what?" she exclaimed at once: "T for Papa."[10]

Cuverville

Yesterday at Mont Roti. The children draw me even more than the heath. No real village; just a few houses flat against the hill. The road passes at the foot. Immediately recognized in my pilgrim's cloak, a flock of children escort me and, when I sit down on the heath, form a circle around me. In the folds of my cloak, just as last year, little Joseph snuggles up. That child is frightful; he doesn't even know how to smile. His sister is there, pale and puny; no taller than a blade of wheat. A little brother, who wasn't walking yet last summer, is with them; Joseph used to carry him on his shoulders; his name is Rene; he achieves the paradox of having an enormous forehead and looking like an idiot; he smiles for anything at all, and as soon as he stops smiling looks

deeply serious. The destitution of these children is such that pity doesn't know where to begin; they ought to be completely outfitted from head to foot. (I didn't see the one who looked like a vegetable last summer; he had fallen into the soup and one side of his face had boiled.) I show them the illustrations of a La Fontaine that I had in my pocket; but I don't know how to talk to them.

10 Written later in the margin: At a children's party where each one is asked what he would like to do later in life, little Claude Laurens declares suddenly: "I shall marry a very ugly woman." And, amidst the general stupor, he adds: "To get a good laugh out of my friends." [A.]